

THE  
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY;  
OR  
*Magazine of Polite Literature.*

---

Vol. I.]

FEBRUARY, 1804.

[No. IV.]

---

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANIES.

To Correspondents - - -	Page 146
Antoninus and Aristides - - -	147
History of a College Rake - - -	152
Notices of Imitation and Plagiarism - - - - -	157
The Natural State of Man - -	160
Biographical Sketch of William Gifford, Esq. - - - - -	161
A Sketch of the Life of Pocahontas - - - - -	170
Remarks on the Merits and Defects of Dr. Johnson, as a Critic -	174
Loose Paragraphs - - - - -	176

Evening Entertainments.—No. II. 178

POETRY.

Lines on the death of Dr. Tappan	181
A Tale; or, what you will - -	182

REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Holloway's Peasant's Fate - -	185
Obi; or, the History of Three-Fingered Jack - - - - -	188
The Beauties of Church Music	190
Monthly Catalogue of New Publications in the United States - -	191
Literary Advertisements - - -	192
Miscellaneous Notices - - - -	ib.

---

EDITED BY SYLVANUS PER-SE.

---

BOSTON :

PRINTED AND SOLD BY E. LINCOLN, WATER-STREET.

---

1804.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have read the letter of R. F. on the impropriety, which is practised by many of our Booksellers, in their advertising literary works, which they receive from their American brethren and from foreign countries, as just published by themselves. Of the rectitude of his intentions we can have no doubt; for this mode of their advertisements is undeniably wrong. But he accuses and censures rather too harshly. A gentle hint, we hope, would be quite sufficient for effecting the desired reformation.

LETTER 2. from STUDIOSUS, and the LOITERER No. 2. are deferred for our next publication.

MEANDER'S "Ode on the close of the year 1803," might, if published, be amusing to some, and puzzling to all its readers. We are willing, however, to gratify its author with a typographical impression of the four first lines:

"Lo! the rolling year expires,  
And in frowning pomp retires.  
Down time's abyss forever gone!  
The months on breezy wings have flown!"

We received, some time ago, an ELEGIAC EPISTLE, which contains much poetical imagery expressed by proper and elegant language, together with several conspicuous imperfections. We are unwilling to reject it; yet we choose to delay its publication, till it has undergone a critical revision of the writer.

In reply to the advisory letter of Q. R. S. we here mention our design for allotting a department in the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY of September next, and in the succeeding NUMBERS, for reviewing PLAYS, and for strictures on ACTING, under the title of THE DRAMATIC INQUISITOR.

---

### ERRORS IN THE PRECEDING NUMBER.

Page 99, line 7, for *history* read *bigotry*. Page 102, line 3. from the bottom, for *influence*, read *inflame*. Page 103, line 4, for *bare*, read *base*.

---

Page 183, line 9, in the present number, for *damp*, read *lamp*.

---

THE  
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,  
FOR  
FEBRUARY, 1804.

---

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.  
ANTONINUS AND ARISTIDES.  
A DIALOGUE.

---

MR. PER-SE,

IF the following translation of a Greek Dialogue, written about A. D. 175, is deserving of a place in the ANTHOLOGY, "give it room." It has cost some pains, and, I hope, will afford some pleasure.

PHILOSTRATES.

**I**T was my good fortune to accompany the emperor, in his campaign against Cassius, as his Secretary. The heroism of this godlike man I have already recorded. But to me his virtues and philosophy were as interesting, as his courage. His reason was as irresistible, as his arms; and he excelled the rest of mankind as much in the vigour of his mind, as in the lustre of his fortune. He derived the prerogative of majesty from nature; and his pen was as powerful, as his sword.

You may recollect my account of the emperor's reception of Aristides, the orator of Smyrna. His oration in praise of his country I also sketched out to you, with the singularity of his conduct. Antoninus forgave eccentricity, when it was the concomitant of genius. In the evening of that day, which was devoted to the pleasures of philosophy, Aristides was emboldened by the emperor's complacency to inquire into the course of his life, and the nature of his literary pursuits.

In the current of conversation, Aristides expressed his astonishment at the power of Antoninus in following the muses in the court and camp. "Inter arma silent" musæ.

You wonder, said the emperor, how I have mingled philosophy with war and politics. But retirement into wilds and woods is not necessary to speculation or virtue. The wise man re-



treats from noise and folly into his own breast, and enjoys the pleasures of intellect and benevolence, in the contemplation of power and goodness, as exhibited by the gods, or in devising schemes for the happiness of men.

I know, replied Aristides, this self-command is possible to one, who adds to the empire of his passions the empire of the earth, and who defies the rage of men and the caprice of fortune. But to him, who feels the buffeting of a rude world, and out of the ten categories can boast but of time and place, there is no power of abstraction. His wants subjugate his thoughts, and give him but a captive mind and a fettered frame.

I see, rejoined Antoninus, you are yet ignorant of your own powers and dignity, and are willing to let your appetites and passions hold divided empire with your mind. But what is this body, of which you make so great account, but a paltry machine of blood and bones; a piece of network of nerves and veins and arteries twisted together? As for your passions and appetites, they are not characteristics of our nature, for the brutes boast as many and as strong. If these then are but mere appendages, and drudges in the animal and social economy, why will you invest them with the rights of majesty, and sanction this usurpation by submission?

I have often contemplated, replied Aristides, the sublimity of that philosophy, which boasts superiority to time and chance. But it has generally appeared to me calculated to excite admiration, rather than regulate practice, or influence the mind. It seems to me a war upon our constitutions, as wild as that of the Titans against the gods. It is at best an enterprise of pride to escape from its humble sphere. I feel a thousand wants—I gratify them and find a pleasure in the indulgence. I glow with a desire of glory, and, under this impulse, hazard the most hardy attempts. Thus constituted, can I be indifferent to *accidents*, and escape from poverty and disgrace in aspiring contemplations? Can I break from those natural principles, which define my limited course, and neglect the claims of my disposition, which teaches my duties, and is the oracle of my destiny?

A life of reflection on this subject, resumed Antoninus, may privilege me as a philosopher to give you sentiments, to which



I do not claim acquiescence on the score of the prejudice of authority. To you perhaps they will not be novel. But the charms of truth are eternal, and amidst the tumults of a camp the voice of philosophy is sweet as the harp of Apollo.

Aristides expressed his thanks for the emperor's indulgence, and desired him to descend to minutiae, and instruct him generally in those doctrines, which had influenced his life, and acquired him the love as well as the admiration of the world.

The emperor continued. The first truth that was impressed on my mind by Rusticus and Apollonius was this, that the world was under the providence and government of the gods, by whom it was created. From this truth I necessarily inferred the gods had formed me for happiness. After much reflection and inquiry I found the irresistible evidence of this position, The gods have given us all a capacity of avoiding real evils, *for nothing can compel us to do wrong, and violate justice.* If truth and goodness constitute the glory of Deity, must they not equally create the happiness of man? The consequence was inevitable. From this time I ceased to regard the *accidents* of life as *essential* to good or evil. I found, they happened to all alike, that sickness and health, riches and poverty, fame and disgrace were indiscriminately distributed among the virtuous and vicious, which would have been inconsistent with the justice of the gods, were these things really good or evil. I hence called them *indifferent*.

These principles were firmly impressed on my mind, when I first entered into active life. It was natural to inquire for the *summum bonum*, and I thus learned its nature. My sensual and spiritual natures contested for superiority, the one relying on the ardour of youth, and the other on the strength of truth. But I soon resolved my mind should not be a slave to my passions. I left the gardens of Epicurus to brutes, and adopted the rigid discipline of Zeno. With steady habits of temperance, I frankly put myself into the hands of fate, and let her spin out my fortune at her will. Yet with this temper and resignation I knew my title to happiness, and I resolved to improve the counsels of the deity within me. I soon discovered, that nothing was preferable to justice and truth, temperance and fortitude. I resolved therefore with Socrates to snatch myself from the



impressions and influence of sense, submit to the government of the gods, and be benevolent to mankind. I early perceived the influence of our thoughts and fancy on our actions and happiness. Hence I laboured to discipline my mind. I repressed idle speculations—I restrained my desires, and dispelled my fears. I lived up to nature, regarded opportunity, and stood boldly by truth. I thus kept my mind superior to injury and disgrace, to pleasure and pain, and secured the happiness I derived from virtue, by independence on imagination or opinion.

When I looked around me on mankind, I found all rational beings of kin to me, and considered general kindness and concern for the whole world but a principle of my nature. I regarded men as fellow citizens of the great capital, the earth, in relation to which all towns were but single families, whose members were brethren of the same clan with myself. If Athens was the city beloved by Cecrops, the world I ranked as the favourite town of Jupiter. Hence in my intercourse with mankind, I have toiled to resemble the vine, which asks no thanks for its clusters. Like this, I have dispensed charity without parade, and only waited for the next season to repeat my favours. To those who have studied and toiled to injure me, I have not been severe. I resolved they should not make me *guilty of wrong*. I have always considered them as acting unjustly through ignorance of the relation, they bore to me, and have pitied, rather than punished their error.—I have toiled and prayed for the good of all. The Athenians clamorously implored Jupiter to rain upon their own fields. I have beseeched the gods to bless my neighbours.

When I had learned my relations to men, when I contemplated my own faculties, when I beheld nature in her wide extent regular, active, and progressive, I resolved to fill the petty space of life with enterprise and industry. As a man and as a Roman I added energy to application, and performed my duty with all the dignity and advantage of circumstance. The blandishments, or frowns of fortune did not check activity; for I felt my obligations to society did not depend upon events, that subsist on change and owe their being to instability. I considered also the relation I bore to the gods, the part assigned me, and the brief



hour allowed me on the stage. I have strove therefore that my tutelar genius should have an honourable charge to preside over, and to be in readiness to quit the field, when nature sounds the retreat.

The desire of fame has had but little influence on my life. The emptiness of applause, its precarious tenure, and the little judgment of those, who bestow it, rendered it contemptible in my view. The narrow limit of its extent was not out of my mind. I considered the globe but as a point; of this little, that but little was inhabited, and that in its populous clans the number or the quality of admirers gave but little worth to eulogy. Even these will soon be no more; in the next generation our glory must flag, and like a ball tossed from hand to hand must fall at last. But grant that in the frequent breaks of succession it is not dropped, what is panegyric to the deaf ear of the dead? It is useless as the sun to the rotting feed. I considered that virtue is perfect of itself, and finished in its own nature. The diamond beams with lustre, though no tongue tells of its radiance, and the good are not better for commendation.

With such sentiments and such conduct you can readily conceive my feelings on surveying the world and its varying scenes. I beheld matter in perpetual flux, and the present but the seed of succession. I saw human life but a point—perception growing dull and weak—the body, slenderly compacted, rapidly falling into ruin—fortune and futurity out of the reach of conjecture, and fame not necessarily connected with desert or judgment. In comparing history with observation, I found the same things repeated, and nature treading in a circle through the whole course of eternity. In tracing the annals of the world, I found the names of heroes grew obsolete with other words, and that men grew out of fashion, as well as language. All these things impressed me with an idea of my mortality, and I strove to act in the very rudiments of life like one who would soon be turned to a mummy or ashes. Hence I have endeavoured to improve the only advantage which life affords, of endeavouring to assimilate myself to the gods, and being useful to my fellow men, of adoring those above and assisting those below me. Death cannot come too soon, for it is the course of nature, and to be wise is to submit.



I have briefly sketched, continued Antoninus, the principles of my philosophy—I have endeavoured my life should resemble the picture I have drawn; and where I have failed, I must impute it to the weakness of nature, rather than the error of my sentiments.

You may imagine all my feelings at this discourse. We knew Antoninus had given but a just likeness of himself, and I forward it to you that a knowledge of this godlike man may lead to a just veneration of his virtues. The hours of leisure had past, and the setting stars invited us to repose.

---

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

## HISTORY OF A COLLEGE RAKE.

MR. PER-SE,

AS you have seen fit to publish my remarks on some absurd notions prevailing at our Alma Mater, I send you the substance of two letters, the one from a Lawyer and the other from a Clergyman, in which their adoption of these dangerous sentiments at the University is lamented in strains of unaffected sorrow. The names of my correspondents I have not permission to mention. But I am fully authorized to make public their confessions, with the fond hope, that some, who are not yet contaminated by similar errors, may be persuaded to learn wisdom by the folly of others. Yours, &c. STUDIOUSUS.

---

### LETTER I.

MY DEAR STUDIOUSUS,

BY this title permit me to address you, though I have forfeited every claim to your friendship by unworthy conduct. When I was under your care at the Academy, you were unwearied in endeavours to inspire me with just sentiments and virtuous behaviour. Happily for me, as my morals were then, in a good measure, pure, I cautiously observed your directions.

When I was about to enter the University, I well remember with what anxiety you gave me your parting counsels. You were pleased to observe, that, with judicious application, my capacity would enable me to become a distinguished scholar;



but with tears you added, that I should be obliged to encounter every possible allurements to indolence and dissipation.

You then faithfully laid before me my dangers and my duties. You entreated me to beware of those early prejudices, which students are apt to contract against their faithful instructors. You represented to me in strong terms the pernicious influence of bad companions. You were particularly solicitous, that I should not be ambitious of becoming a College genius; as this is often supposed consistent with extreme negligence and the utmost irregularity.

You advised me to maintain a noble indifference to the bubble, popularity. For this, you assured me, can seldom be acquired, or preserved at the University, but by a total sacrifice of independence, and by a servile desire to please those, who, while they are the most influential, are commonly the most dissipated. You besought me to respect my teachers, and to be attentive to my studies, though it should procure me the odious title of a "*fisber*."

Accordingly, when I first entered College, I firmly resolved to follow your counsels. I treated my instructors with filial affection and respect. I carefully observed the rules they prescribed, and studied the tasks they assigned. While many of my classmates were ransacking the library with a view to other studies, my highest ambition was to become a classical scholar. Several private proposals to pilfer watermelons and to rob orchards I resolutely withstood. Nor would I club to go to a tavern for food and drink, while they were provided to my satisfaction at my regular meals. In fine, I commenced College life, by laying a foundation for virtuous morals and attentive study.

But I soon began to find, that I was remarked for my preciseness. Hints were circulated, that I was "a dupe to government." My deportment was narrowly watched. Some on seeing me enter a tutor's room for leave of absence, swore that I went to inform of the misdemeanors of my fellow-students.

Hence violent prejudices were excited against me. Though I always recited well, it was imputed to excessively hard study. My superiority in the languages, mathematics, and metaphysics was never disputed. But then it was alleged, that

—Such dry "roots are always found  
To flourish best in barren ground."



These various aspersions I bore with considerable firmness, till I was charged with want of genius. This, as it was a novel accusation, and as I was conscious of its falsehood, I ought to have spurned with contempt. But, I confess, it produced the opposite effect. In endeavouring to refute the charge, I was insensibly led into those unhappy mistakes, which I had most resolutely determined to avoid.

To acquire a popularity, which I had unjustly forfeited, my first step was to adapt myself to the prejudices of my fellow-students. I allowed that the government had faults; and I loudly inveighed against the severity, with which some of my classmates were treated at the exhibition of their themes. I took but little pains with these exercises myself, lest I should appear to be anxious for "parts."

By degrees I was led to abjure mathematics; the languages soon followed; nor did I arrive at the summit of College favour, till I assumed the right of directing my own studies, and of treating with heedless neglect the stated exercises of my instructors. But what contributed most to this change in my sentiments and conduct, was the assignment of a part at Exhibition, which I with my flatterers were pleased to consider beneath my merit.

From that moment I swore revenge. On the evening of Exhibition I resorted to a tavern, and, with some rakes from Boston and a few College *bloodes*, I got very drunk. When I had so far recovered, that I could stagger into College yard, I yelled, and swore, and broke windows, till I was tired, and then finished the night in gambling and carousing.

From this period I remissly attended recitations and prayers. I was several times fined. Once I was privately admonished, and I narrowly escaped a threatened suspension.

As a natural consequence of neglecting studies, I associated with unprincipled companions and contracted bad habits. I constantly strove by what arts I should oppose and perplex government. Profaneness, although I had been accustomed to consider it beneath a gentleman, I began to employ as my familiar language. As for lying, I thought it not only expedient, but commendable, when used to deceive my instructors.

But the worst effect I experienced was a love of strong liquors. At first I found them disgusting. I could drink only wine, and



that in moderate quantities. This soon became too weak to satisfy my raging appetite, till by degrees I contracted an inveterate habit of intemperance.

What promoted my dissipation was admission into the *Pig Club*. Here I found ample scope for irregular indulgence. I was one of the first to approve an absurd motion, once made by a member, that it should be an established rule before parting for every one to get drunk. I also clamorously applauded a most impious blessing, which was on a certain occasion asked, and which threw the whole Club into a tumultuous shout of praise.\*

It is true, I sometimes felt rebukes of conscience, when I recollected my early instructions and resolutions, and when I accidentally met my virtuous friends. But I was in a great measure relieved from these momentary pangs by having the credit among my companions of an extraordinary genius. They took unwearied pains to proclaim it to the world. But for this purpose they used to mention not so much what I had done, as what I could do. They constantly maintained my great superiority to all those, who were obliged to earn their reputation with the government by hard study.

To preserve as well as to gain renown from such friends, I had recourse to some of the methods, which you, my dear Studiosus, in a late communication so very justly exposed. I particularly remember, that, when I was about to copy a poem, which had cost me much time and exertion, I went to a class-mate's room to borrow pen, ink, and paper, under the pretence, that I was destitute of these conveniences, and that I wished to compose my task under a shady tree. In about three hours I returned with my poem completed, and written without blots. By this artifice I attracted general attention, and received indiscriminate praise.

I had, indeed, sense enough to feel my real inferiority to several others. But I took care to make myself more celebrated. Thus while my industrious fellow-students were poring over Locke, Euclid, and Conic Sections, I was cursorily reading Shakespeare's plays, and committing some of his most striking

\* I am happy to hear, that this Club has since assumed another name, and more decent manners.



passages to memory, that I might employ them, as occasion should require. While they were deeply immured in their studies, I was often in company. In this way I acquired a confidence and volubility on popular topics, of which they were destitute. I took particular care to familiarize the anecdotes contained in Boswell's life of Johnson, and every other circumstance relating to this truly great scholar. Hence, while my plodding classmates were endeavouring in vain to interest parties in their abstruse speculations, I could entertain them whole evenings by agreeable stories respecting the celebrated Doctor.

But since I have received the honours of the University, I have had time for cool reflection. My crimes and my errors stare me in the face. For, though I reconciled myself to indolence at College by resolving to study closely my future profession; yet I find by experience, that my resolutions were useless and vain. The habits of indolence contracted at the University I find it next to impossible to reform. My reputation for a great genius affords me no assistance. On the other hand, it excites general indignation, that such talents should have been so grossly neglected and perverted. So accustomed have I been to bad company, that I find gratification in no other.

I am sorry to add, that my habits of intemperance continue and increase. Once or twice I have begun to amend; but then my nerves trembled to such a degree, that I was afraid, I should lose my health; and I again returned to my cups.

The consequence is, my business is neglected. I am often tempted unjustly to retain in my own hands the money which belongs to my clients. My reputation is destroyed. My affairs are embarrassed. My prospects are truly distressing. My firmest resolutions of amendment have so often failed, that I begin now to despair of ever returning to the paths of virtue.

In the anguish of my soul I have given you this short history of my past life, and this melancholy description of my condition and my prospects. It will afford fresh confirmation of the doctrines you have always taught. That you may never have the mortification again to find your good instructions so ill requited is the sincere wish of your affectionate, though ingrateful

O. X.



FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

*Notices of Imitation and Plagiarism.*

MR. PER-SE,

IN reading the poets, I have generally observed a chronological order. One of my greatest inducements to this course, was the pleasure resulting from tracing an idea or image from its first conception through all its different combinations, and its various degrees of expansion and decoration, till it had reached its full growth, shewed its perfect beauty, and established all its natural relations. It was my object to have given the world a collection of this kind of histories of sentiments and plagiaries, which would have been more curious, than the labours and paintings of the *virtuosi*, who trace the progress of architecture from the rude hovel of the huntsman to the Corinthian column and the temple of Diana. In this occupation, and with this end, poetical reading afforded me a history of the progress of the human mind; and, as I am not a very ambitious pedant, I had resolved to be content with what reputation I should gain from communicating to the public my acquisition of genealogical knowledge. But my manuscripts have suffered the fate of Lord Mansfield's. A fire, which an ancient poet would have kindled by some malignant and envious fury, laid waste my treasure; and it was as rich a sacrifice as Colly Cibber ever offered to dulness.

"*Ignis edax summa ad fastidia vento Volvitur,*" and I can present hardly any "*Iliacis erepta ruinis.*" I have however found two scraps, which perhaps might have been as well consumed, but which may afford some little pleasure to the curious reader.

Every one, who has read GOLDSMITH'S "*TRAVELLER,*" must have been charmed with these beautiful lines:

"But me, not destin'd such delights to share,  
My prime of life in wandering spent and care,  
Impell'd, with steps unceasing to pursue  
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;  
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,  
Allures from far; yet as I follow, flies;  
My fortune leads"—————

In the miscellanies of JOHN NORRIS, who wrote in the latter



part of the seventeenth century, there is a poem, called "THE INFIDEL," the two first stanzas of which bear such an evident resemblance, that it may be easily concluded, they furnished Dr. Goldsmith with the ideas in the preceding passage. They are these :

## I.

Farewel, fruition, thou grand cruel cheat !  
Which first our hopes dost raise, and then defeat.  
Farewel, thou midwife to abortive bliss !  
Thou mystery of Fallacies !  
Distance presents the objects fair,  
With charming features and a graceful air ;  
Yet when we come to seize th' inviting prey,  
Like a shy ghost, it vanishes away.

## II.

So to th' unthinking boy, the distant sky  
Seems on some mountain's surface to rely,  
He with ambitious haste climbs the ascent,  
Curious to touch the firmament ;  
But when with an unwearied pace  
Arrived he is at the long-wished for place,  
With sighs the sad defeat he does deplore ;  
His heaven is still as distant, as before.

Here is merely resemblance. I proceed now to the exposure of plagiarism. In the popular poem of the Grave, there is every mark of imitation so strong, that we cannot excuse Blair for not giving credit, where he is so large a debtor.

"How shocking must thy summons be, O death,  
To him that is at ease in his possession !  
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,  
Is quite unfurnished for the world to come." BLAIR.

This may be conceived as an imitation of a stanza in an ode, which precedes the poem, that BLAIR has entirely incorporated with his own.

"Death can choose but be  
To him a mighty misery,  
Who to the world was popularly known,  
And dies a stranger to himself alone." NORRIS.



I now point out a more evident plagiarism.

"In that dread moment, how the frantic soul  
Stares round the walls of her clay tenement."

.....  
"Till forced, at last, to the tremendous verge,  
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin."

.....  
"Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul  
What a strange moment must it be, when near  
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!  
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd  
To tell what's doing on the other side."

.....  
"Tell us, ye dead, will none of you, in pity  
To those you left behind, disclose the secret?  
Oh! that some courteous ghost would blab it out  
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.  
I've heard that souls departed have sometimes  
Forewarn'd men of their death—'twas kindly done  
To knock and give the alarm—But what means  
This stinted charity—'Tis but lame kindness,  
That does its work by halves. Why might you not  
Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws  
Of your society forbid your speaking  
Upon so nice a point?—I'll ask no more.  
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine  
Enlightens but yourselves.—Well, 'tis no matter;  
A very little time will clear up all,  
And make us learn'd, as you are, and as close."

Observe now the similitude of the following poem by NORRIS.

#### THE MEDITATION.

"It must be done, my soul, but 'tis a strange,  
A dismal and mysterious change,  
When thou shalt leave this *tenement of clay*,  
And to an unknown somewhere wing away;  
When time shall be eternity, and thou  
Shalt *be*—thou know'st not what; and *live*—thou know'st not how.



Amazing state ! no wonder, that we dread  
 To think of death, or view the dead !  
 Thou'rt all wrapt up in clouds, as if to thee  
 Our very knowledge had antipathy.  
 Death could not a more sad retinue find,  
 Sicknefs and pain before, and darknefs all behind.

Some courteous ghost, tell this great secrecy,  
 What 'tis you are and we must be—  
 You warn us of approaching death, and why  
 May we not know from you, what 'tis to die ?  
 But you having shot the gulf delight to see  
 Succeeding souls plunge in, with like uncertainty.  
 When life's close knot, by writ from destiny,  
 Disease shall cut, or age untie,  
 When, after some delays, some dying strife,  
 The soul stands shivering on the ridge of life,  
 With what a dreadful curiosity,  
 Does she launch out into the sea of vast eternity !  
 Lo, when the spacious globe was delug'd o'er,  
 And lower holds could save no more,  
 On loftiest boughs astonish'd sinners stood,  
 And view'd the advances of the encroaching flood,  
 O'ertopp'd at length by th' element's increase,  
 With horror they resign'd to the untry'd abyfs.

Q.

---

---

### THE NATURAL STATE OF MAN.

AS every other animal is in its natural state, when in the situation, which its instinct requires, so man, when his reason is cultivated, is then, and only then, in the state proper to his nature. The life of the native savage, who feeds upon acorns, and sleeps like a beast in his den, is commonly called the natural state of man ; but, if there be any propriety in this assertion, his rational faculties compose no part of his nature, and were given not to be used. If the savage, therefore, live in a state, contrary to the appointment of nature, it must follow, that he is not so happy, as nature intended him to be.

---

---



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH  
OF  
*WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.*

[Concluded from page 116.]

THIS person, who was soon found, was Thomas Taylor, Esq. of Denbury, a gentleman to whom I have already been indebted for much liberal and friendly support. He procured me the place of Bib. Lect. at Exeter College : and this, with such occasional assistance from the country, as Mr. Cookeley undertook to provide, was thought sufficient to enable me to live, at least, till I had taken a degree.

During my attendance on Mr. Smerdon, I had written, as I observed before, several tuneful trifles, some as exercises, others voluntarily, (for poetry was now become my delight) and not a few at the desire of my friends. When I became capable, however, of reading Latin and Greek with some degree of facility, that gentleman employed all my leisure hours in translations from the classics ; and indeed I do not know a single school-book, of which I did not render some portion into English verse. Among others, Juvenal engaged my attention, or rather my master's, and I translated the tenth Satire for a holiday task. Mr. Smerdon was much pleased with this, (I was not undelighted with it myself ; ) and as I was now become fond of the author, he easily persuaded me to proceed with him, and I translated in succession the third, the fourth, and twelfth, and I think the eighth Satires. As I had no end in view but that of giving a temporary satisfaction to my benefactors, I thought little more of these, than of many other things of the same nature, which I wrote from time to time, and of which I never copied a single line.

On my removing to Exeter College, however, my friend, ever attentive to my concerns, advised me to copy my translation of the tenth Satire, and present it, on my arrival, to the Rev. Dr. Stinton, (afterwards Rector) to whom Mr. Taylor had given me an introductory letter : I did so, and it was kindly received. Thus encouraged, I took up the first and second Satires, (I mention them in the order they were translated) when

Vol. I. No. 4. W



my friend, who had sedulously watched my progress, first started the idea of my going through the whole, and publishing it by subscription, as a means of increasing my means of subsistence. To this I readily acceded, and finished the thirteenth, eleventh, and fifteenth Satires : the remainder were the work of a much later period.

When I had got thus far, we thought it a fit time to mention our design ; it was very generally approved by my friends ; and on the first of January, 1781, the subscription was opened by Mr. Cookesley at Ashburton, and by myself at Exeter College.

So bold an undertaking so precipitately announced, will give the reader, I fear, a higher opinion of my conceit than of my talents : neither the one nor the other, however, had the smallest concern with the business, which originated solely in ignorance : I wrote verses with great facility, and I was simple enough to imagine that little more was necessary for a translator of Juvenal ! I was not, indeed, unconscious of my inaccuracies : I knew that they were numerous, and that I had need of some friendly eye to point them out, and some judicious hand to rectify or remove them ; but for these, as well as for every thing else, I looked to Mr. Cookesley, and that worthy man, with his usual alacrity and kindness, undertook the laborious task of revising the whole translation. My friend was no great Latinist, perhaps I was the better of the two ; but he had taste and judgment, which I wanted. What advantages might have been ultimately derived from them, there was unhappily no opportunity of ascertaining, as it pleased the Almighty to call him to himself by a sudden death, before we had quite finished the first Satire. He died with a letter of mine unopened in his hands.

This event, which took place on the 15th of January, 1781, afflicted me beyond measure.\* I was not only deprived of a most faithful and affectionate friend, but of a zealous and ever-active protector, on whom I confidently relied for support : the sums that were still necessary for me, he always collected : and

\* I began this unadorned narrative on the 15th of January, 1801 : twenty years have therefore elapsed since I lost my benefactor and my friend. In the interval I have wept a thousand times at the recollection of his goodness : I yet cherish his memory with filial respect ; and at this distant period, my heart sinks within me at every repetition of his name.



it was to be feared that the assistance, which was not solicited with warmth, would insensibly cease to be afforded.

In many instances this was actually the case : the desertion however, was not general : and I was encouraged to hope, by the unexpected friendship of Servington Savery, a gentleman who voluntarily stood forth as my patron, and watched over my interests with kindness and attention.

Some time before Mr. Cookeley's death, we had agreed that it would be proper to deliver out with the terms of subscription, a specimen of the manner in which the translation was executed :\* to obviate any idea of selection, a sheet was accordingly taken from the beginning of the first Satire. My friend died while it was in the press.

After a few melancholy weeks, I resumed the translation ; but found myself utterly incapable of proceeding. I had been so accustomed to connect Mr. Cookeley's name with every part of it, and I laboured with such delight in the hope of giving him pleasure, that now, when he appeared to have left me in the midst of my enterprise, and I was abandoned to my own efforts, I seemed to be engaged in a hopeless struggle, without motive or end : and his idea, which was perpetually recurring to me, brought such bitter anguish with it, that I shut up the work with feelings bordering on distraction.

To relieve my mind, I had recourse to other pursuits. I endeavoured to become more intimately acquainted with the classics, and to acquire some of the modern languages ; by permission too, or rather recommendation, of the Rector and Fellows, I also undertook the care of a few pupils : this removed much of my anxiety respecting my future means of support. I have a heart-felt pleasure in mentioning this indulgence of my college ; it could arise from nothing but the liberal desire inherent, I think, in the members of both our Universities, to encourage

\* Many of these papers were distributed ; the terms, which I extract from one of them, were these : " The work shall be printed in quarto, (without notes) and be delivered to the Subscribers in the month of December next.

" The price will be sixteen shillings in boards, half to be paid at the time of subscribing, the remainder on delivery of the book."



every thing, that bears the most distant resemblance to talents : for I had no claims on them from any particular exertions.

The lapse of many months had now soothed, and tranquillized my mind, and I once more returned to the translation, to which a wish to serve a young man surrounded with difficulties, had induced a number of respectable characters to set their names : but alas, what a mortification ! I now discovered, for the first time, that my own experience, and the advice of my too, too partial friend had engaged me in a work, for the due execution of which, my literary attainments were by no means sufficient. Errors and misconceptions appeared in every page. I had, indeed, caught something of the spirit of Juvenal, but his meaning had frequently escaped me, and I saw the necessity of a long and painful revision, which would carry me far beyond the period fixed for the appearance of the work. Alarmed at the prospect, I instantly resolved (if not wisely, yet I trust honestly) to renounce the publication for the present.

In pursuance of this resolution, I wrote to my friend in the country, (the Rev. Servington Savery) requesting him to return the subscription money in his hands, to the subscribers. He did not approve my plan ; nevertheless he promised, in a letter which now lies before me, to comply with it ; and, in a subsequent one, added that he had already begun to do so.

For myself, I also made several repayments ; and trusted a sum of money to make others, with a fellow collegian, who, not long after, fell by his own hands in the presence of his father. But there were still some, whose abode could not be discovered, and others, on whom to press the taking back of eight shillings would neither be decent nor respectful : even from these I ventured to flatter myself that I should find pardon, when on some future day I presented them with the work, (which I was still secretly determined to complete) rendered more worthy of patronage, and increased, by notes, which I now perceived to be absolutely necessary, to more than double its proposed size.

In the leisure of a country residence, I fancied this might be done in two years ; perhaps I was not too sanguine : the experiment, however, was not made, for about this time a circumstance happened which changed my views, and indeed my whole system of life.



I had contracted an acquaintance with a person of the name of ———, recommended to my particular notice by a gentleman of Devonshire, whom I was proud of an opportunity to oblige. This person's residence at Oxford was not long, and when he returned to town, I maintained a correspondence with him by letters. At his particular request, these were enclosed in a cover and sent to Lord Grosvenor : one day I inadvertently omitted the direction, and his Lordship, necessarily supposing it to be meant for himself, opened and read it. There was something in it which attracted his notice ; and when he gave the letter to my friend, he had the curiosity to inquire about his correspondent at Oxford ; and, upon the answer he received, had the kindness to desire he might be brought to see him on his coming to town : to this circumstance, purely accidental on all sides, and to this alone, I owe my introduction to this nobleman. •

On my first visit, he asked me what friends I had, and what were my prospects in life ; and I told him that I had no friends, and no prospects of any kind. He said no more ; but when I called to take leave, previous to returning to college, I found that this simple exposure of my circumstances had sunk deep into his mind. At parting, he informed me that he charged himself with my present support and future establishment ; and that till this last could be effected to my wish, I should come and reside with him. These were not words of course : they were more than fulfilled in every point. I did go, and reside with him ; and I experienced a warm and cordial reception, a kind and affectionate esteem, that has known neither diminution nor interruption, from that hour to this, a period of twenty years !

In his Lordship's house I proceeded with Juvenal, till I was called upon to accompany his son (one of the most amiable and accomplished young noblemen that this country, fertile in such characters, could ever boast) to the continent. With him, in two successive tours, I spent many years : years of which the remembrance will always be dear to me, from the recollection, that a friendship was then contracted, which time, and a more intimate knowledge of each other, have mellowed into a regard, that forms at once the pride and happiness of my life."

Such is the interesting history of himself, which Mr. Gifford, with unexampled candour, has given to the public.



Who that has perused the *BAVIAD* and the *MÆVIAD*, with a judgment capable of appreciating the merits, and a taste sufficiently refined to enjoy the beauties of those poems, can read this memoir without exclaiming, "Was such the origin of Gifford!—Was such the theatre in which his first ideas were formed, his first impressions stamped!"

It is, indeed, almost impossible to conceive a station, among civilized men, more remote from every thing allied to intellectual sense, to polished manners and cultivated taste, than the birth of a cabin-boy in a coaster: nor can the shop of a presbyterian shoemaker be considered as a sphere of existence much more elevated. In this latter situation, however, Mr. Gifford passed several years of that critical period of youth, when in general those habits are acquired, and those propensities are imbibed, which characterize the man. How then has it happened, that light and shade are not more opposite to each other, than is the character of Mr. Gifford to that, which a similar destination in life would have formed in almost every subject? To the properties of GENIUS alone can such a preservation of mind be attributed. That rare ingredient among the gifts of Nature to her children was mingled in the lot of Gifford. It was the consciousness of GENIUS which made him spurn the labours of the plough: and afterwards, when chilled by poverty and depressed by sorrow, he *sullenly* and *silently* submitted to be bound apprentice, is it not discernible, from his own pathetic description of that act, that it is the captivity of GENIUS which is recorded! The apathy, the temporary annihilation of mind, which was the consequence of this mental bondage, will be easily accounted for on the same grounds by the most superficial inquirer. In a clime so uncongenial, genius became torpid. Gifford still had eyes and ears, but they beheld no object, they imbibed no sound capable of conveying to such a mind any impression of sufficient force to rouse its energies, or even to excite its attention.

Happily, for the honour of our age, the lethargic influence of such an atmosphere was not permitted to be permanent. We have seen that the discrimination and benevolence of a Cookeley released imprisoned genius, and we have seen, with gratitude to Cookeley, its subsequent career. And though the distance is immense between the eminence of the author of the *Baviad* and



the obscurity of the cabin-boy of the *Two-Brothers*, yet we shall cease to be surprised at the achievement, when we reflect, that it is not more natural, that the eagle, liberated from a prison stake, should dart on daring wings to meet the sun, than that genius, freed from misery, poverty, and care, should soar towards the summit of distinction.

The Baviad, to which we have so often alluded, though Mr. Gifford does not once mention it in his own memoir, is unquestionably the best satire that has issued from the press since the *Rosciad* of Churchill. The epidemic malady of *Della Cruscan* poetry, which gave rise to the Baviad, must be in the recollection of most of our readers.\* A fitter subject for satire never

\* For the information of those readers, who are yet strangers to this admirable satire, we abridge the preface to the first edition.

"In 1785, (Mr. Gifford says) a few English of both sexes, whom chance had jumbled together at Florence, took a fancy to while away their time in scribbling high panegyrics on themselves, and complimentary canzonettas on two or three Italians, who understood too little of the language to be disgusted with them. In this there was not much harm; but as folly is progressive, they soon wrought themselves into an opinion that they really deserved the fine things which were mutually said and sung of each other. About the same period, a daily paper called the *WORLD* was in fashion, and much read. This paper was equally lavish of its praise and abuse, and its conductors took upon themselves to direct the taste of the town, by prefixing a short panegyric to every trifle that appeared in their own columns. The first cargo of *Della Cruscan* poetry was given to the public through the medium of this paper. There was a specious brilliancy in these exotics, which dazzled the native grubs, who had scarce ever ventured beyond a sheep and a crook, and a rose-tree grove, with an ostentatious display of "blue hills," and "crashing torrents," and "petrifying funs." From admiration to imitation is but a step. Honest Yenda tried his hand at a descriptive ode, and succeeded beyond his hopes; Anna Matilda followed; in a word,

———*contagio labem*

*Hanc dedit in plures, sicut grex totus in agris*

*Unius scabie cadit, et porrigine porci.*

While the epidemic malady was spreading from fool to fool, *Della Crusca* came over, and immediately announced himself by a sonnet to love. Anna Matilda answered it, and the "two great luminaries of the age," as Mr. Bell calls them, fell desperately in love with each other. From that period not a day passed without an amatory epistle fraught with thunder, lightning, *et quicquid habent telorum armamentaria celi*.—The fever turned to



presented itself to the poet's lash ; and we are almost heathens enough to say, that Apollo, through the agency of the generous Cookeſley, singled out Gifford as the champion of his cauſe againſt the mad rebels, who threatened to overturn his empire upon earth, or at leaſt in Britain. Be this as it may, we will aſſert that the poet's connexion with the god is diſtinguiſhable in every line ; and that the defeat of the *Crufcan* phalanx could not have been more complete had the muſes and their maſter fought in perſon. And though Mr. Gifford himſelf obſerves in a note to the *Mæviad*, that "the conteſt was without danger, and the victory without glory," from the impotence of theſe *Askaparts*, we muſt diſſent from this obſervation. It ſurely required no ſlender degree of ſkill or courage to attack a hoſt, however puny in themſelves, who had the current of popular applauſe for their intrenchment, and columns behind columns of prostituted and venal journals ready to repel the attack. Accordingly the champion of ſenſe and poetry was in his turn aſſailed, by the "angry ebullitions of folly unmaſked and vanity mortified." In the approbation and applauſe of the good and wiſe, however, Mr. Gifford found ſolid cauſe of ſelf-congratulation, while the imbecile attacks of fools or knaves paſſed by him like "the idle wind."

The *MÆVIAD* appeared in the year 1795, and may be deemed a ſecond part of the *BAVIAD*. The ſatire of the former was particularly reſtricted to the *ſonnetteers* and *ode-mongers* of the *Crufcan* ſchool ; but the latter embraced *Crufcan* and *Harlequin* dramatists. As there has exiſted but one opinion upon the merits of theſe poems, our criticiſm would be uſeleſs. They are of a nature to perpetuate the memory of their author ; and the tranſ-

frenzy : Laura-Maria, Carlos, Orlando, Adelaide, and a thouſand other nameleſs names, caught the infection, and from one end of the kingdom to another, all was nonſenſe and Della *Crufca*. Even then I waited with a patience, which I can better account for than excuſe, for ſome one (abler than myſelf) to ſtep forth to correct this depravity of the public taſte, and check the inundation of abſurdity that was burſting upon us from a thouſand ſprings. As no one appeared, and as the evil grew every day more alarming, (for now bed-ridden old women, and girls at their ſampler, began to rave) I determined, without much confidence of ſucceſs, to try what could be effected by my feeble powers ; and accordingly wrote the following poem."



lation of Juvenal, which Mr. Gifford has recently given to the world, would have consecrated his name to the homage of remote posterity, even had no other production served as its precursor to fame. The satires of Juvenal are justly ranked among the best productions of the ancient poets, and, "taken for all in all," are not inferior to any. Yet it was not until the beginning of the seventeenth century that a complete translation of Juvenal was attempted; and even then the versions of Sir Robert Stapylton and Barten Holyday were the only means by which an unlearned reader could obtain a glimpse of the literary treasures of the Roman satirist, for a period of nearly an hundred years, when Dryden's translation appeared. With the character of this translation every reader must be sufficiently acquainted. Dr. Johnson has said of it, "that it preserves the wit, but wants the dignity of Juvenal!" Without inquiring whether the Doctor *meant* to convey praise or censure by this character, we are clearly of opinion that a want of Juvenal's dignity, cannot be atoned for by any other merit in his translator. But it is not necessary to discuss the merits of former translations for a deduction of the *necessity* of Mr. Gifford's, as we have seen that other motives than the *public service* first urged him to the task, stimulated its progress, and decided its publication. It might be deemed arrogant in us to pronounce judgment on a performance so lately in the hands of the public; we will therefore restrain those expressions of admiration and applause which would flow "*trippingly from our tongue*," sensible that the judgment of posterity will do ample justice to the "*Juvenal of our age*."

Since this article was begun to be written, the nobleman to whom Mr. Gifford personally, and on his account the British public generally, owe boundless obligations, has left our world. We could wish it were engraven on his tomb—"HERE LIES THE PATRON OF WILLIAM GIFFORD." Alas! how few among our degenerated and degenerating nobles can claim so proud an epitaph! One however remains, of whom the poet himself has thus sung:

"Yet one remains, ONE NAME forever dear,  
With whom, conversing many a happy year,  
I mark'd with secret joy the opening bloom  
Of virtue, prescient of the fruits to come,  
Truth—honour—rectitude—"



It is needless to add, that the nobleman alluded to was Lord BELGRAVE, now the Earl of Grosvenor.

Blessed with such a friend, the subject of these memoirs is safely sheltered from the storms of life, in an harbour which affords him competence, tranquillity, and respect. In the society of the first characters in this country for rank, talents, and taste, does the *ci-devant* cabin-boy of the Two Brothers mingle, as in a sphere for which nature evidently designed him. Contrasting, therefore, the origin of William Gifford with his present eminence in society, we may describe the emancipation of his genius in the same words as Pope describes the liberation of the soul by death, and say,

“As into air the purer spirits flow,  
And sep’rate from their kindred dregs below,  
So flew the soul to its CONGENIAL PLACE.”

---

For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

### A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF POCAHONTAS.

IN the wildest scenes of nature have been found her most engaging beauties. The desert smiles with roses, and savage society sometimes exhibits the graces of humanity.

Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, with the colour and the charms of Eve, at the age of fifteen, when nature acts with all her powers, and fancy begins to wander, had a heart, that palpitated with warm affections. At this time, Captain Smith, one of the first settlers of Virginia, was brought a captive to her father's kingdom. Smith was by nature endowed with personal graces, that interest the female mind. He mingled feeling with heroism, and his countenance was an index of his soul. Pocahontas had never before beheld such a human being, and her heart yielded homage to the empire of love. In the first interview she looked all she felt, and like Dido, hung entranced on the face and lips of the gallant man.

An interesting occurrence soon afforded an opportunity of exhibiting her affections. Powhatan and his council of Sachems



had resolved on the death of Smith. A huge stone was rolled before the assembled chiefs. Smith was produced, and the executioners with knotty clubs surrounded him. The moment of his fate had arrived; his head was laid upon the rock, and the arms of cruelty were raised! At this moment Pocahontas darted through the band of warriors; she placed her cheek on Smith's, and the same blow would have decided both their destinies. The heart of an Indian is not made of coarser materials than ours. Powhatan caught the feelings of his daughter, and sympathy with Pocahontas procured a pardon for his prisoner. Charmed with her success she hung wildly on the neck of the reprieved victim, while excess of joy checked the utterance of her affections.

Smith indulged all the sentiments of gratitude. He had not a heart for love. With a spirit of enterprise, he aspired to great and laudable achievements. The pleasure of softer passions he relinquished to the imbecility of gentler natures. He coldly thought of the advantages to be derived from the ardent affection of Pocahontas, and grounded his pretences of mutual love on the calculations of interest.

After seven weeks' captivity, Smith returned to Jamestown, his settlement in Virginia. By his Indian guides he sent presents to Pocahontas, which the hopes of love regarded as the testimonial of returned affection. The constructions of the heart are governed by its wishes, and fancy is ready with its eloquence to gain faith to all the dreams of deluding fondness.

At the return of Smith to his colony, he found them in want and despair. He encouraged them by engaging descriptions of the country, and disconcerted a scheme for abandoning the wilds of Virginia. An interesting event strengthened the resolution he had inspired. Pocahontas appeared in the fort with the richest presents of benevolence. With all the charms of nature and the best fruits of the earth, she resembled the Goddess of Plenty with her *cornucopia*. Even Smith indulged, for a while, his softer feelings; and, in the romantic recesses of uncultured walks, listened to the warm effusions of his Indian maid. She sighed, and she wept; and found solace in his tears of tenderness, which seemed to her the flow of love.



Soon after, Pocahontas gave a stronger proof of her affection. Powhatan had made war upon the colonists, and had laid his warriors in ambush, so artfully, that Smith and his party must have been destroyed. To save the man she loved, in a night of storm and thunder, Pocahontas wandered through the wilds and woods to the camp of Smith, and apprized him of his danger. Love seems the supreme arbiter of human conduct, and, like Hortensia, forgets the brother, and the father, when opposed to the fortunes of her favourite.

A dangerous wound, which Captain Smith accidentally received, rendered his return to England necessary. He felt the pangs his absence would inflict on the heart of his Indian maid, and concerted a scheme for impressing her with full belief of his death. The next time Pocahontas visited the camp, she was led to the pretended grave of Smith, and deluded with the dying professions of her lover. Imagination will picture the sorrows of so fond a heart. Untutored nature knows none of the shackles of refinement, and violence of passion finds expression.

The grave of Smith was the favourite haunt of Pocahontas. Here she lingered away the hours, here she told her love, and scattered her favourite flowers. One evening, as she was reclining in melancholy on the turf, that covered her lover, she was surprised at the presence of a man. Rolfe had seen and gazed upon the charming nymph, and indulged for her all that ardour of romantic passion, which Smith had excited in her breast. He was pensively bewailing his hopeless love, when Pocahontas stole away in shade and silence to perform her duties to the dead. Surprise, terror, and sorrow suspended in her the powers of life, and she sunk lifeless into the arms of the fortunate admirer. Could he forbear a warm embrace to one he loved so well, or was eloquence wanted to charm away her blushes at the return of life? Affection had too often repeated her lessons to the woods and wilds to be dumb at such a crisis. Pocahontas listened with sympathy—he wiped away the tear, that swelled in her eye. Despair yielded to enlivened hopes, and she indulged him in the ardent caresses of contagious love. They talked down the moon, and the song of the mocking-bird became faint, before Pocahontas could escape from the vows and arms of her lover to the cabin of her companions.



Powhatan had none of the partiality of his daughter for the English ; and a stratagem was formed to seize Pocahontas in order to induce her father to adopt an equitable mode of conduct. Rolfe did not regret the success of this ungenerous scheme. Through wilds and woods, and at the hazard of his life, he had ventured to see her. He now enjoyed her smiles in safety, and received new confidence from being chosen by her, as her protector. He continued however always as respectful, as affectionate, and while he soothed her into tranquillity, gave but new proofs of fidelity. His heart was as pure, as hers was fond.

At length Netanquas arrived at the fort with provisions to ransom his sister. He had saved the life of Rolfe in one of his excursions to meet Pocahontas ; and to him the lover applied in the presence of his Indian maid, to gain Powhatan's consent to his union with his daughter. Pocahontas melted into softness at this declaration of the accomplished Englishman, and her blushing acquiescence was sanctioned by the approbation of her father. Their marriage soon followed—Happy instance of the perseverance of virtuous affection ! The prejudices of education yielded to the honest impulses of the heart. The raven tresses and the tawny cheek of Pocahontas were no disparagements to the dignity of her soul or the generosity of her nature. Through this veil Rolfe discovered a thousand virtues, and his love was rewarded with their possession.

For years Rolfe resided in the wilds of nature, and in society with his Indian princess. Fond of solitude, she became the dear companion of his retirement. In the moments of leisure he initiated her in the wonders of science, and the mysteries of religion. In return she respected him for his talents and his virtues ; and added gratitude for improvement to *love for love*. A son was the sole fruit of their union, from whom descends the nobility of Virginia, the Randolphs and Bowlings.

In 1616, Rolfe arrived in England with Pocahontas. At London, she was introduced to James I. The king rebuked her for descending from the dignity of royalty so far as to marry a plebeian. But the ladies of the court and the nobility of the kingdom regarded her with respect and affection ; and sought to render her happy, by all the blandishments of refinement. She soon learned the manners of the great, and in her



demeanor exhibited all the dignity and purity of her character, mingled with the tenderness of her heart.

Captain Smith called on Pocahontas soon after her arrival. Her astonishment was at first succeeded by contempt. But the resentment of wounded pride soon yielded to tender sentiments. In a private interview she heard his interesting explanation, and ever after caressed him with the fondness of a sister.

After remaining some time in England and travelling with Pocahontas through the country, he had so often described, Rolfe resolved to revisit America. But alas! Pocahontas had quitted her native wilds forever. She was taken sick at Gravesend, and after a short illness, died. Religion cheered her through the hours of declining life, and her last faltering accents whispered praise to her Creator.

When we reflect that so much virtue, heroism, intellect and piety adorned so young a native of our country, we cannot but regard America as the natural clime of greatness, and consider Pocahontas, as exhibiting proof of the powers and capacity of savage nature, rather than as an exception to common degeneracy.

---

## REMARKS

ON THE MERITS AND DEFECTS OF DR. JOHNSON, AS A CRITIC.

[From *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum*.]

**DR. JOHNSON**, whose Lives of the Poets are extremely valuable, from the knowledge of life they display, from their morality, and from that acuteness of investigation and vigour of expression, which his astonishing powers of intellect threw on every subject, in which he engaged, has yet contributed to authorize a degraded taste. For candour ought to confess, that a feeling for the higher kinds of poetry was not among his excellencies. Is it possible for those to doubt it, who recollect the opinion he has expressed of Milton's Lycidas, and of the Odes of Gray? who remember that he has scarce mentioned the Fables of Dryden, and that he has hardly conferred even a cold extorted praise on the Ode to the Passions by Collins? who must



admit, that among the modern poets, who have pretensions to excellence in their art, there are but two, except his favourite Pope, to whose merits he has done any tolerable justice? These are Thomson and Young.\*

‘Dr. Johnson, born no doubt with violent passions, yet with the organs of his senses, through which the fancy is stored, if not imperfect, surely far from acute, had from a very early age most cultivated his powers of ratiocination, till by degrees he grew to esteem lightly every other species of excellence: and carrying these ideas into poetry, he was too much inclined to think, that to reason in verse, when the harmony of numbers, and especially if something of the ornament of poetical language was added to the force of truth, was to attain the highest praise of the art. The pleasure of pure description or sentiment, of what was calculated merely to exercise the imagination or the heart, he seems scarcely ever to have felt.

‘But if Johnson has failed, there is no wonder why ordinary critics do not even apprehend wherein true genius consists. The first qualification is that extreme sensibility through which images are strongly and originally impressed upon the mind by the objects themselves, and whence all those feelings of admiration and tenderness which they cause, rise spontaneously without being forced by the hot-bed of books or the aid of slow reflection. Whoever has felt the charms of nature, or the passions common to mankind, with such force, and cultivated language with such success, as to be able to arrest and transcribe his own immediate sensations, possesses the powers of a poet.’

\* The slight shown to Ld. Lyttelton's "Monody," is another proof of unpoetic feeling in our great critic; and such may be deemed his treasured sarcasm on Dyer's "Fleece." Dr. Johnson too frequently said a witty thing in preference to a wise one; an infirmity, which doth 'most easily beset' a temper unchastised. *Review.*

---



For the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

LOOSE PARAGRAPHS.

---

THERE are but few authors in the world. In general we only publish the sentiments of others, and all the merit we can claim is that of tailors, who contrive new clothes for old persons.

---

IT is necessary to learn rules that we may be able to act without them, and to succeed in disregarding them. *He who has been* instructed in arithmetic, can calculate without adhering to its rules. *The graceful dancer* may occasionally neglect those steps by which he acquired his gracefulness; and *the best musician* will often violate those laws by which he acquired his art. Expression in music, taste in the fine arts, and excellence in the meanest trades, do not consist in adherence to rules, but spring from a judgment originally formed by rules, and hence enabled to reach its end without regarding them. Perhaps the highest proof of skill is to know *when* and *how* to neglect established rules.

---

THE most enviable power is that which is exercised over the minds of men. He, who enforces conviction, bends the will and commands the affections, has resistless power; he is a despot; he raises his throne in the heart; he wears a crown, which no revolutions of empires can pluck from his brow. The reverence, paid to such a sovereign, is worth more than all the mockery of homage, which was ever offered to an eastern monarch. It is reverence of the heart, paid not to a name or a glittering sceptre, but to qualities of the soul, acquired by honourable exertion, and permanent as the mind, which possesses them.

---

NOTHING is more difficult than the acquisition of truth. Born in weakness and ignorance, we necessarily depend on others for support and direction. The expansion of our minds, as well



as of our bodies, is entrusted to the care of our parents. Nature puts us, pliant as osier, susceptible as wax, into the hands of others. *They* mould us, they influence our minds, they prescribe our principles, they infuse into us their own prejudices. The very air we breathe is infected. Before we begin to reason, we are nursed in error, and wedded to delusion. Our sight is obscured. Our powers are cramped. The spirit of investigation is lost in blind attachment to prevailing opinions. We think as we were taught. We cling to the leading strings when we are old enough to walk alone. Ancient systems grow into us, incorporate themselves with our minds, and become a part of us; and it is as painful to renounce them, as to hew the limbs from our bodies. It requires strength and courage greater than heroes have exerted, to cast away our shackles, to rise above the clouds of prejudice, to open our eyes wide to the light, to silence our attachments and aversions, and to hear the solemn voice of truth.

---

THERE is often in works of taste and eloquence, a uniform tedious elegance, more disgusting than coarseness and barbarity. An easy, unbalanced, unlaboured style should form the ground of composition. This will give relief and prominence to the most important parts, and produce an agreeable variety. We love to travel through plains, and the eye naturally reposes now on the verdure of the fields, and now on the soft blue of heaven. Dazzling objects soon fatigue and overpower us. In the same manner, simple truth, in a plain perspicuous style, with familiar illustrations, should form the substance of a discourse, and all that is melting, magnificent, and solemnizing, should be introduced by natural transition from this easy course. Composition should indeed be always rich in thought. By simple truth we mean not stale repetition and barrenness of sentiment. There is nothing to gratify us in a desert level of sand, but we delight in the fertile well-watered plain.

Eloquent composition should resemble nature. Here should be rugged force, there flowing melody, here solemn gloom, there cheerful sunshine, in one part the wildness of the storm and of the uncultivated waste, in another the charms of order, and the mildness of the evening sky.



FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,  
EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.—No. II.

THE corrupt manners of the world have always been a subject of much declamation; and, though sometimes they have been drawn perhaps with too bold a pencil, an attentive and candid observer will yet find much to deplore and to correct. I proposed, in these essays, to make some observations on the manner of occupying our social interviews, the amusements, to which we have recourse to fill up our evening hours, and the purposes, to which we ought to devote them. In this number I shall consider the tendency and effects of levity and impure wit.

The advantages of society are great and estimable. Society will make us better men, and better Christians. But much of our intercourse with the world and our friends can produce no happy influence on the minds of others, nor our own. That *busy* levity, that engrosses most of the leisure hours, which we appropriate to the entertainment of each other, in the best point of view, can only store the mind with trifles. By habituating our minds to idle topics of discourse we progressively disrelish subjects of a more important nature. A vacant hour, which might be agreeably occupied by the studious, thoughtful and sedate, becomes a burden. We are happy only, when in circles of gaiety, wit and humour. Important investigations can never engage a mind without disgust, which has been devoted to useless exercises. As the mind has been floating on the surface of the world, and drawn pleasure only from the sallies and folly of a wild imagination, objects of a higher nature lose their importance. In persons, who are devoted to gay and humorous company, there is most commonly discoverable a want of useful reflection; for the object of such is not to be instructed, but diverted.

The disposition to levity prevails in most of our associations. It is seldom we meet or hear any thing instructive and interesting. Even in most of improved societies we find little to enrich our hearts or understandings. It is a circumstance to be regretted, that such favourable opportunities are so frequently pervert-



ed. I have been astonished to see sensible people pass away their evenings very agreeably in a relation of the trifling incidents of the day. The most we find for entertainment is adventures from a toilet to a ball-room, the feats and ribaldry of a buffoon, or the mimic arts of a monkey. Levity on every occasion is a departure from dignity of character. It is rarely associated with great minds and steady virtues. It is commonly the fruit of weakness and ignorance.

To occasional freedom from serious exercises we do not refer. But levity, when indulged beyond a certain degree, cannot fail to preclude important concerns. No one after having imbibed a taste for such kind of relaxation, as interests the imagination only, will receive culture and enjoyment from religious and useful subjects. His sentiments will assume the colouring of the prevailing passion; loose habits of thinking are contracted, and attention can never be confined to instructive and substantial reflections.

Our minds are not less improved, and our hearts still more corrupted by the manner, in which we convey corrupt thoughts. It is commonly imagined, that witticisms are indicative of brilliant talents and superior knowledge. There are occasions, when a person with talents for these will ingratiate himself, when there is no other feature in his character to render him engaging. But wit is seldom profitably employed. Its general tendency is to corrupt the heart instead of improving it. If judiciously directed, it may subserve a useful purpose; and in many circumstances it is the most successful method of assailing vice, and defeating its espousers. But, where it is employed in impure sentiments, moral feeling receives not even a remote gratification, and the tendency is only to eradicate chaste and virtuous affections, and give a pleasing aspect to vice. It places immodesty in an engaging attitude, and when the resistance to this is overcome, virtue loses its greatest barrier. In wit there is something so subtle and insinuating, that we are apt to feel ourselves secure, when we are in imminent danger; for if the imagination can be diverted, poison is imperceptibly conveyed to the heart.



There is a gross species of wit, which, though always disgusting to the refined part of mankind, has effect among a particular class of men. Its object is to excite only impure and unwarrantable affections. It descends to the most indecent vulgarities. But there is a refined kind of wit, which has a more extensive influence. It is slower in destroying our moral feelings, but equally certain. This is decked out in the beauties of language and art, that it may give less offence to a nice sensibility. This prevails mostly among the higher circles, but it diminishes the beauties of refinement. It may in some proceed from a wish to be thought sensible and witty; but it is reproachable in any view, and distempers purity of heart. It gradually throws off a modest reserve, and hides the deformities of vice under the cloak of innocence.

Vice can never be represented in too odious colours. It is what we ought to disclaim in every form. It is insidious, treacherous and destructive. The more it is concealed, the greater is its progress. Where it is calculated to excite a pleasing emotion, instead of our abhorrence, it imperceptibly gains upon our affections. If we be disposed to amuse others with humorous thoughts, let them be founded on subjects, that cannot wound the heart.

To a refined and pious sensibility there is much in the intercourse between men to bring regret and sorrow. To mingle in most of our social circles, more is lost in principle and affection, than is acquired by information and amusement. The taste is not in general so depraved as to renounce a profession of religious principle, but we have little to do but preserve a few decuments and virtues to render ourselves engaging and worthy.

It requires little discernment to be convinced, where the prejudices, feelings and desires of men would end; much circumspection and fortitude to acquire and retain, what is amiable and useful. Few have so weak a sense of propriety as not to feel injured by gross errors, but these in general have not that radical and extensive effect, which arises from more secret and indirect operations. What in the first case reason and sensibility would discard, in the latter would be pleasing and often assume the aspect of innocence.

---



---

# THE ANTHOLOGY.

---

## Original Poetry.

---

### LINES

ON THE DEATH OF

*DAVID TAPPAN, D. D.*

Late Professor of Theology in Harvard College.

BE gone, ye guileful lurements of the world!  
And leave one melancholy hour to grief;  
When hope is blighted, and the heart is sad,  
To muse and weep is privileg'd relief.  
While Heaven's illum'd with ever-living light,  
The earth is shrouded and its pomp withdrawn;  
'Tis solemn now to gaze upon the sky,  
And mark where late a fainted shade has gone.  
Celestial spirit! thou art welcome there;  
Protecting angels claim'd thee to be blest!  
Pilgrim on earth, thy thoughts were plac'd in heaven—  
And there alone thy spirit sought its rest.  
Tho' thou art happy in a better world,  
Still thou art gone, and tears are nature's debt.  
Then let these flowings of a wounded heart  
Express thy merit and its own regret.  
In vain the grave conceals the mouldering dust;  
I still thy living form and mien recall.  
Still can I see thy face with goodness beam,  
And think I hear thy pious accents fall.  
Legate of heaven! how didst thou feel thy trust!  
How did thy bosom beat with holy zeal!  
Touch'd by the pathos of thy prayer, the heart,  
Tho' paralyzed by sin, was made to feel.  
So humbly didst thou bear the proudest rank,  
That modest youth thy converse sweet would seek;  
So fair thy mind, shone in thy open mien,  
Thy look express'd it, ere thy tongue could speak.



Thrice happy they, who form'd thy tender care,  
 And in thy life saw thy religion prov'd;  
 How must they love that influence divine,  
 Which cherish'd and inspir'd the man they lov'd.  
 And, blessed spirit, still the grateful heart  
 Follows thy flight to yon celestial sphere;  
 It sees thee join the kindred choir of saints,  
 In hymning songs while list'ning angels hear. A. B.

### A TALE:

#### OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

**W**HAT feats are acted in the skies  
 Are present to the muse's eyes:  
 So Homer sings, whose muse made known  
 What past at Cloud-compeller's throne.  
 Tho' mine, a bashful slut, assumes  
 No birth so near the parlour rooms,  
 Like Helen, at her weaving sits,  
 Or sings her sorrows, while she knits;  
 Yet, lately fill'd with courage equal,  
 She wrought her sampler with the sequel.  
 When last was swept the star-pav'd floor,—  
 (And in the moon dropt many more,—)  
 Our earth *this*, like a meteor, fought,  
 And left her to be scolded for't.

The Graces, when too young to feel  
 Disgrace at being ungenteel;  
 Ere madam Venus took upon her  
 To use them for her maids of honour;  
 And simple, as a turtle dove,  
 That feeds on flies, split-peas and love;  
 Came down, where sat my muse a stitching,  
 And rais'd a riot in the kitchen.  
 Fatigu'd with romping, (what the harm  
 About the hearth to chat and warm—  
 The fire with tongs and shovel punch,  
 Or try the tricks of mother Bunch.)



How pointed every falling brand,  
How crowd the sparks on either hand,  
On whom the starry volume roll'd,  
They watch as signs, that fate unfold.  
But ah, they ne'er believed it true,  
Who plays with fire will quarrel too !  
And now essaying to discover  
For whom should sigh the first fond lover,  
By damp unbroke, green chesnuts strewing  
Upon the hearth with embers glowing  
They see, ah cause of dire mishap,  
They see, alone in Thalia's lap  
Whole crowds of smoking kernels shot—  
(Unfailing sign of luckiest lot.)  
Terpsicorne now looking round  
Some meaning for the omen found,  
For Mars, than any red-coat bolder,  
Was peeping over Thalia's shoulder,  
Just like the devil when he's spoke on  
With all the lover's pining look on.  
Now was the time, alas, ye muses,  
Could heavenly minds bear such abuses !  
That Envy, ragged imp of spite,  
And twinborn with the fiend of night,  
At whose vile birth the Gorgons scream'd  
And east winds blew and lightning stream'd—  
That Envy down the chimney broke  
And round them brusk'd the blinding smoke.  
His eyes of microscopic sight  
On sudden cause of mischief light,  
To kindle which he calls his fellows  
To bring his strife-inflaming bellows.  
Quickly his eyes, with jaundice speckled,  
Observe that Thalia's cheek was freckled,  
And further down successful stole,  
Disclosing on her neck a mole.  
With gladness reddening, like a blister,  
He whisper'd Phrosy and her sister,



And of the contrast made a handle,  
To make them learn and love to scandal.  
Of painted faces then they hinted,  
Of borrow'd shapes and looks that squinted.

Miss Thalia, nettled by such joking,  
Declared 'twas shameful, rude, provoking,  
And prinking up her head and stomach,  
Vow'd, she their meaning could not come at.  
Although unus'd to vaunt her own,  
She wish'd her merit fully known,  
And hence appeal'd to better judges  
For the award, that Envy grudges.

The action brought—no matter how—

At Venus' court—observe them now

Before the umpire standing fearless,

Give tokens each of beauty peerless.

One often laugh'd, her teeth to shew,

In ruby set a pearly row;

And all the charms of dimples prove,

Those very hiding holes of love.

Another's sighs and lipings tell,

She has a heart susceptible—

While this so leer'd and danc'd so wild,

As every limb and feature spoil'd;

That scowling fat, as if she strove

To terrify them into love.

The queen, at length impatient grown,

Veil'd all her beauties in a frown,

And vex'd, they so mistook their natures,

Upstarting cri'd,—“out, out, you creatures—

Think ye such studied airs delight us,

Such tricks of monkies—out, you fright us!

And come, when next you aim to please,

'Ray'd in simplicity and ease.

Dismiss dull art, that painted savage,

So watchful beauty's form to ravage;

Nor be the moral hint despis'd

Within this accident compris'd.



For Envy 'twas, that first began  
 To disarrange fair nature's plan ;  
 Essayed by more distinct grimace  
 To rival e'en celestial grace ;  
 And spurious ornaments invented  
 To make the vain be discontented.  
 Hence Folly wears her cap and bells,  
 And Fashion all the rout impels ;  
 While scarcely Virtue dares to linger,  
 When Grandeur becks with gilded finger.  
 By no relenting softness check'd  
 From poisoning, while he can infect,  
 The slippery fiend delights to glide  
 Unseen within the weaker side.  
 Surprising thus the heart of youth,  
 Ere principle attains its growth.  
 From that original were sent,  
 False wit and false accomplishment,  
 With fabrications that displace  
 Both native sense and native grace.

CINDELERUS.

## REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Peasant's Fate : a Rural Poem ; with Miscellaneous Poems, by*  
 WILLIAM HOLLOWAY.—*Published in London, 1802 ; in Boston,*  
 1802 ; *and in Philadelphia, 1804.*

THE aim of the "Peasant's Fate" is a lamentation for the modern changes in the life and manners of the populace in England. The author implies in this poem, that avarice, or the spirit of monopolizing, has there gained such general and powerful influence, that benevolence and social virtue seem to be almost totally suppressed. The engrossing of small farms, by compelling the hereditary tenants to a military or a maritime occupation, or by forcing them to servitude in the very places, that were formerly their own domains, is here represented, as the chief cause of the inquietude and sufferings of the peasantry. Refinement and luxury, though they obviously promote trade



and commerce, are held forth as greatly injurious to the inferior grades of society, and as wholly inadequate for indemnifying the nation in their inattention to agricultural improvements.

But whether the changes, which Mr. Holloway attempts to deplore, have actually happened; or whether his complaints are in any respect reasonable, we shall not here pretend to decide. Our purpose is merely to point out and consider a few specimens of his poetry.

In the "Peasant's Fate," we perceive a miscellaneous series of narratives, reflections, and descriptions of scenes and manners, which are, in all ages, more or less observable in the country. These subjects, fortuitously arranged and loosely combined, are separated into two books; but the reason of this division is not easily discerned, unless the author designed it as a convenient place for the wearied reader's repose.—He begins the *languishing strain* by invoking his muse, with the appellation of—

—"Blest companion of my happiest hours!  
Divine directress of my infant powers!"

and immediately attempts thus to celebrate her attributes:

"Whose presence charm'd me in the wood-land shade,  
When autumn's shivering leaf began to fade,  
Or spring profusely, from her roseate horn,  
Dispens'd the flowers *that scent the humid morn.*"

But here, it will be readily observed, he soon forgets his object, and wantonly forsakes the control of common sense. At length, recollecting his intention for supplicating a *muse*, he thus exclaims:

"Muse of my native valley! *haste along!*"

Any one may conclude from the "haste along," that even he himself believed the muse to be at an incommodious distance, and the conclusion will be strengthened by this immediate application to another agent:

"Awake, remembrance, and inspire the song;  
Let fond attachment dwell on pleasures past,  
*By absence weakened, nor by time effac'd.*"

But in this petition he quickly gives an unlucky affront to grammar, and then peaceably retires to his "*woodland shades*," and "*autumn's shivering leaves*," in these halting steps of prose:

"But while I mark the changes that appear  
In country manners, O, forgive the tear!"

Having thus stepped forth with his address, he undertakes a description of former prospects, in which it appears, that he had



gained but little assistance from the *muse*, and that remembrance had presented her images under a dark and confusing veil.

"Where yonder *thymy down* expanded lies,  
And spreads its purple bosom to the skies,  
There many a shepherd-boy was wont to keep  
His father's scanty flock of scatter'd sheep:"

These lines may pass without animadversion: but the incongruity of these which follow, is intolerable from any one, who pretends to genius and correct taste.

"I've seen them oft their narrow track pursue,  
And wind *adown those knolls* to pastures new,  
Or, group'd beneath *the solitary thorn*,  
That lends new fragrance to the breath of morn,  
Lie panting—*sheltered from the pestering fly*,  
*The smothering dust, and day's refulgent eye.*"

They, who have seen many a *scanty flock of scattered sheep on a thymy down, winding adown those knolls, or grouped beneath the solitary thorn, that lends new fragrance to the breath of morn, and that shelters them from the pestering fly, the smothering dust and day's refulgent eye*, can alone defend Mr. Holloway's poetical vision.—He now proceeds to complete his picture of former times.

"Young Ralph's domain to yonder maple hedge  
Extended—Edmund's to the common's edge—  
The common, *clad with vegetative gold*,  
*Whose well-dried stones allay the wintry cold*;  
Whence ev'ry family its portion claims  
To fence the hovel, or recruit the flames—  
*From path to path*, that winds along the plain,  
The cheerful Stephen held his rustic reign;  
While, still observant of his due commands,  
*In act to start the faithful keeper stands*.  
Numbers beside, there led their bleating charge,  
Enjoyed their pastimes gay, and rov'd at large."

Such is the dim, uninteresting scene, presented to this poet by remembrance;

"O, memory, thou fond deceiver!  
Still importunate and vain,  
To former joys recurring ever,  
And turning all the past to"—confusion and nonsense!

He next attempts a contrast between those times and the present, the first line of which, we think, is very appositely introduced:

"But now no more these rural scenes invite."

We believe this is a truth, that will be pretty generally acknowledged.—He then continues:

"Far different objects meet the aching sight;  
In all the pomp of sanguinary war,  
I see the military bands, afar,  
Extend their glittering lines, or, wheeling wide,



In parallel divide and subdivide,  
While, through the opening ranks, loud martial strains  
Progressive, roll along the dusty plains."

When the reader's curiosity and attention have in this manner been called to the "military bands," that scene is suddenly closed for the exhibition of this vexatious specimen of bathos.

"Which yield no pasture to the fleecy kind,  
That distant range their juicy meal to find."

Again the prospect opens, and we here see for what purpose the armies were so pompously displayed on the field.

"Scar'd from her haunts the twitt'ring linnet flies,  
'The quivering lark ascends the smould'ring skies,  
And finches, that on downy thistles feed,  
Spread their gilt wings and seek the silent mead."

If Mr. Holloway had made himself acquainted with the precept of Horace ;

*"Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus ;"*

in its full meaning, he might have avoided the trouble of raising the bands of sanguinary war merely for the idle task of scaring away a few harmless birds.

Thus far have we particularly noticed the former part of this poem, and think it is now time to desist from any farther quotation. In perusing it to the conclusion, we find it generally a dull, unanimated performance, without method, without elegance of diction, distinctness of imagery, or harmony of numbers. If we must acknowledge, that there are glimmerings of genius sometimes discernible, even candour will allow, that they are,

"Like angel visits, few and far between."

The Miscellaneous Poems may justly hold the rank of mediocrity among modern compositions of the kind. That entitled, "Radipole" has given us no small pleasure in its perusal ; its two first stanzas deserve the praise of poetical merit.

---

*Obi ; or the History of Threesingered Jack : in a series of Letters from a Resident in Jamaica to his Friend in England. 1 vol. 12mo. Published in London, 1800—in Boston, by B. & J. HOMANS, 1804.*

IN this lively and interesting little history are related the exploits of that wonderful adventurer, "who," as the writer observes, "had he been situated in a higher rank of life, would have proved as bright a luminary, as ever graced the Roman annals, or ever boldly asserted the rights of a Briton." For the gratification of those readers, who are unacquainted with the sto-



ry of Threefingered Jack, we give this abstract, on the authority of Dr. Mofely.\*

In 1780, this terror of Jamaica, who was by nature restiff to bondage, and desirous of sacrificing his life for the emancipation of his fellow slaves, had fled to Mount Lebanon for the purpose of carrying on a perpetual war against the unnatural *men of prey*. His Obi and horn, two guns and a keen sabre were all his armament; with which and his courage in descending into the plains, and plundering to supply his wants, and his skill in retreating into difficult fastnesses, where none dared to follow him, he terrified the inhabitants, and set the civil power and the neighbouring militia of that island at defiance, for nearly two years. He had neither accomplice, nor associate. There were a few run away negroes, in the woods near the mountain; but he had crossed their foreheads with some of the magic in his horn, and they could not betray him. But he trusted no one. He scorned assistance. He ascended above Spartacus. He robbed alone, fought all his battles alone, and always killed his pursuers. By his magic he was not only the dread of the negroes; but there were many white people, who believed he possessed some supernatural power. Allured by the rewards offered by Governor Dalling, in proclamations, dated the 12th of December, 1780, and 13th of January, 1781; and by a resolution of the house of Assembly, which followed the first proclamation; two negroes, named Quashee and Sam with a party of their townsmen went in search of him. Quashee, before he set out on the expedition, was christened and changed his name to James Reeder. The expedition commenced; and the whole party had been creeping about in the woods, for three weeks, to blockade the deepest recesses of the most inaccessible part of the Island, where Jack, far remote from all human society, resided; but their undertaking was all in vain. Reeder and Sam, tired with this mode of war, resolved on proceeding in search of his retreat, and taking him by storming it, or perishing in the attempt. They took with them a little boy, a proper spirit, and a good shot, and left the rest of the party. These three had not been long separated from their companions, before their cunning eyes discovered by impressions among the weeds and bushes, that some person must have lately been that way. They softly followed these impressions, and presently they saw a smoke. They prepared for war; and came upon Jack, before he perceived them. He was roasting plantains by a little fire on the ground, at the mouth of his cave. This was a scene: not where ordinary actors had a common part to play. Jack's looks were fierce and terrible. He told them he would kill them. Reeder, instead of shooting, replied that his Obi had no power to hurt him; for he was christened and his name was no longer Quashee. Jack knew Reeder, and, as if paralyzed, he let his two guns remain on the ground, and took up his cutlafs. These two had a severe engagement, several years before, in the woods; in which conflict Jack lost his two fingers, which was the origin of his present name; but Jack then beat Reeder, and almost killed him with several others, that assisted him. To do THREEFINGERED Jack justice, he would now have killed both Reeder and Sam; for at first sight they were frightened at the sight of him, and the dreadful tone of his voice—and well they might: They had no retreat, and were to grapple with the strongest and bravest man in the world. But Jack was cowed; for he had prophesied, that *white* Obi would get the better of him; and from experience he knew, that the charm would lose none of its strength in the hands of Reeder. Without farther parley, Jack with his cutlafs in his hand threw himself down a precipice at the back of his cave. Reeder's gun missed fire; but Sam shot him in the shoulder. Reeder, like a bull-dog, never

\* See his Treatise on Sugar.



looked; but with his cutlafs plunged headlong down after Jack. The descent was about ninety feet, and almoſt perpendicular. Both of them had preſerved their cutlaſſes in the fall. Here was the ſtage, on which two of the ſtoutest hearts, that were ever hooped with ribs, began their bloody ſtruggle. The little boy, who was ordered to keep back, now reached the top of the precipice, and, during the fight, ſhot Jack in the belly. Sam was crafty, and coolly took a round-about way to come to the field of action. When he arrived at the ſpot, where it began, Jack and Reeder had cloſed and tumbled together down another precipice, in which fall they both loſt their weapons. Sam deſcended after them. Though without weapons, they were not idle; and luckily for Reeder, Jack's wounds were deep and deſperate, and he was in great agony. Sam came up juſt in time to ſave Reeder; for Jack had caught him by the throat with his giant's graſp. Reeder was then with his right hand almoſt cut off, and Jack, ſtreaming with blood from his ſhoulder and belly; both were covered with gore and gaſhes. In this ſtate Sam was umpire, and decided the fate of the battle. He knocked Jack down with a piece of rock. When the lion fell, the two tygers got upon him, and beat his brains out with ſtones. The little boy ſoon after found his way to them. He had a cutlaſs, with which they cut off Jack's head and three-fingered hand, and took them in triumph to Morant Bay. There they put their trophies into a pail of rum; and, followed by a vaſt concourſe of negroes, now no longer afraid of Jack's Obi, blowing their ſhells and horns, and firing guns in their rude method, they carried them to Kingſton and Spaniſh Town, and claimed the rewards offered by the king's proclamation and houſe of aſſembly.

The volume, now under conſideration, circumſtantiſſally relates theſe facts, together with preceding adventures. Though written in epiſtles, it has much of the form and manner of a drama. The ſtory of Makro and Amri, the parents of Jack, is told with ſingular felicity; and repreſents for indignation and odium the abominable cruelty, which is practiſed by the ſlave-merchant in Africa. There are a few poetical pieces interſperſed, which however are not the beſt part of the work. But the intereſting method of the narrative, the vigorous ſpirit, that enlivens it, and the humane ſentiments, that abundantly enrich it, cannot fail, we think, of giving a high degree of pleaſure to readers of almoſt every deſcription.

---

*The Beauties of Church Muſic; and the Sure Guide to the Art of Singing, &c.*—By WILLIAM COOPER.—Published by MANNING and LORING, Boſton, 1804.

FOR ſeveral years paſt, numerous works of this kind have been introduced to the public, each of which, containing nearly the ſame materials of the others, has brought no claim to preference by any intereſting improvement. The principal merit, that each compiler can reaſonably pretend, conſiſts in his inserting a ſmall number of new tunes, and in arranging and varying, or mutilating others, which have long before been published in



many different collections; and likewise in his invention of a specious title, graced with a new motto from Dr. Watts or the Bible.

This compilation of Mr. Cooper is, however, in our opinion, very worthily entitled "The Beauties of Church Music." The tunes in general are well selected, and some of them are corrected with a judicious taste. Among these, we perceive eleven original pieces, which justly deserve insertion in a book of this title; and the whole are printed with extraordinary accuracy.

The brevity of the introduction, a fault common to all these works, is, we presume, a subject of regret to the untutored learner. We would recommend to Mr. Cooper an amplification of this in his next edition. An illustration of the DIATONIC and CHROMATIC SCALES with their CHORDS would also enhance the value of this book, by facilitating the acquisition of the principles of Music.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF

*New Publications in the United States, for February, 1804.*

### NEW WORKS.

*A brief Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century*, part first, in two vols. containing a sketch of the revolutions and improvements in science, arts, and literature, during that period, by SAMUEL MILLER, A. M. one of the Ministers of the United Presbyterian Churches in the city of New-York.—T. & J. Swords—*New-York*.

This Author in the opinion of Dr. Priestly,\* is one of the most promising characters of this country; he has been generally known as a very elegant and accomplished preacher.

The present work shews a fund of erudition, gives equal credit to his industry and genius; and is a most useful publication. Such a work is mentioned as a *desideratum* in Europe. It is an excellent book for social libraries.

An analytical review of this Retrospect we hope we shall soon be able to offer to the readers of the *Monthly Anthology*.

*Vol. 1. Part 2. of New-York Term Reports, of Cases argued and determined in the Supreme Court of Judicature of that State.*—H. CARRIAT—*New-York*.

*Debates in the House of Representatives, on the Bills for carrying into effect the Louisiana Treaty.*—J. Conrad & Co.—*Philad.*

### NEW EDITIONS.

*Johnson's Dictionary in Miniature*, printed on a fine paper, with a beautiful pearl type—W. P. & L. Blake—*Boston*.

*The Peasant's Fate*; a Rural Poem, with Miscellaneous Poems, by WILLIAM HALLOWAY.—Bonsal & Niles—*Philadelphia*.

*Plutarch's Lives*, translated by Dr. LANGHORN, 6 vols. 42mo.—J. Hoff, and others, *Philadelphia*.

\* See his Letters to Linn.



*The Temple of Nature ; or, the Origin of Society ;* a Poem, with Philosophical Notes, by ERASMUS DARWIN, M. D. F. R. S. M. & J. Conrad, and others—*Philadelphia.*

*Chain of the Heart, or, The Slave by Choice ;* an historical musical drama ; by PRINCE HOAR, Esq.—D. Longworth—*N. York.*

*A Pocket Conspectus of the London and Edinburgh Pharmacopoeias ;* by ROBERT GRAVES, M. D.—J. Humphreys—*Philadelphia.*

### LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. CALEB BINGHAM, of Boston, has now in the press, and will shortly publish an edition of LOGAN'S SERMONS.

This Author is much celebrated in North Britain. His poems are among the sweetest strains of the Scottish bards. In his lectures and sermons he unites the beauties of composition with the purest fervor of devotion. We rarely see in the same writer such glowing imagery and rational views of religion ; such pious effusions mingled with the best moral sentiments, as we find in these useful and interesting discourses. There has been a rapid sale of four editions printed in Europe. We learn this is the first American impression.

Messrs. B. J. and R. Johnson, of Philadelphia, propose to publish by subscription a BEAUTIFUL EDITION of select BRITISH POETS from the text of the best editors, with the biographical and critical prefaces of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and the didactic essays, or preliminary criticism of Dr. John Aikin.—They intend, that this edition shall be printed, as nearly as practicable, in volumes of about 216 pages, 18mo. on superfine wove medium paper. The type shall be new, and handsome, and the typography by the best printers in Philadelphia. Each volume shall have an elegant engraving, executed by the first artists in the United States. They compute that the poetry, which may be thought worthy a place in this edition, will make about one hundred volumes.

### MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

COLUMBIAN MUSEUM. (Continued from Page 144.)

ONLY about eight months have elapsed, since the COLUMBIAN MUSEUM has been RE-ESTABLISHED, (in Milk-Street.)—The building is of brick, spacious, and well adapted :—The new collection, though not equal to the old, bids fair in time to rival it. We are thus happy to behold the Phenix, rising from the ashes of its mother, refreshed and invigorated !

Among the elegant Paintings, Wax Figures, Natural Curiosities, Statuary, &c. now exhibited in the Museum, we notice the following :—

*Elegant Paintings.*—The battles of Alexander the Great, copied from the celebrated Le Brun ; a full length painting of the late Gen. Washington, copied from one of Stuart's originals ; two Flemish pieces ; Hurricane ; Architecture ; Bacchanalian Party ; Shipwreck ; the Five Senses ; Hunting Piece ; a variety of elegant landscapes and portraits ; St. Anthony ; St. John ; Holy Family ; Travelling Musicians ; Merry Hollanders ; Travelling Pedlar ; Musical Family ; Meeting of Mark Anthony and Cleopatra ; Marriage of do. ; view of Hyde-Park, London ; Venus and Cupid ; the Young Naturalists ; Children at play ; Colouring and Invention ; a Tiger ; fifteen elegant Views of the East-Indies, painted from Nature ; Emperor and Empress of China ; ancient Free-Masons ; Lion, Lions and Whelps ; large and elegant View of the natural Bridge in Virginia ; the last Family interview of the late King of France ; Death of Lord Chatham, &c.

(To be continued.)